
SECESSION;

OR,

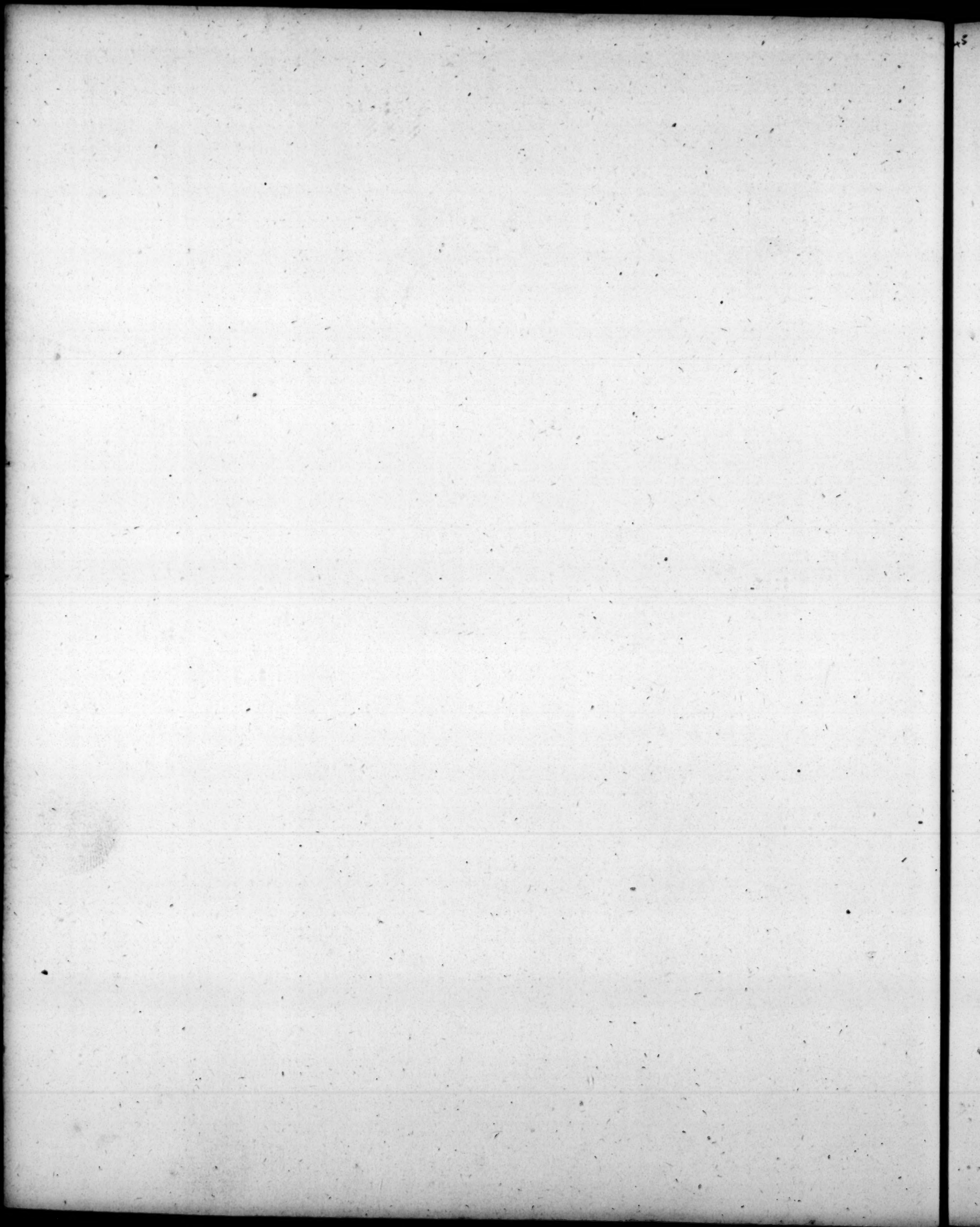
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SECESSION;

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POEM.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

The PRINCE of WALES.

With NOTES---CRITICAL and EXPLANATORY.

By CHURCHILL—MINOR.

———*Turpi secernis Honestum.*

HOR. SAT.

London:

SOLD BY W. MILLER, OLD BOND-STREET;
AND W. STEWART, OPPOSITE YORK-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

M.DCC.XCIII.

[Entered at Stationer's Hall.]

SECESSION

OR

True Blue separated from Blue

A POINT OF VIEW

LOE M.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE ROYAL

The PRINCE OF WALES

WITH NOTES

BY CHURCHILL



London :

AND W. STEWART, 15, MARK LANE, AND W. NISBET, 4, BROADWAY

MCCXIII

Entered at Stationers' Hall

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

The PRINCE of WALES.

THE Propriety of inscribing to your ROYAL HIGHNESS a Poem, on a SUBJECT which so eminently distinguished your late conduct, will be considered, it is humbly presumed, a proper apology for the freedom.

The great and happy PEOPLE whom you are born to govern and protect, long convinced of the innate virtues of your heart, anxiously wished you opportunities of reflection to call those virtues into action.---They beheld, with alarm, your ardent attachment to *Characters* of much *Scheme*, but little *Stake* in the country; and observed, with pain, your implicit devotion to opinions of men, whose professed *Patriotism* they, on many grounds, doubted. They earnestly hoped, therefore, to see you break a *shackle*, which they were apprehensive might not only *enslave* but *corrupt* your understanding; and zealous for your present and future fame, many a loyal and

virtuous BRITON wished earnestly to have exclaimed, with
Horace, to the HEIR of the Realm---

-----*Eripe turpi*

Colla jugo, Liber, liber sum, dic age!

To the joy of the Nation---the welfare of the State, and to
the immortal honor of yourself, you have embraced *Reflection*
---shook off the unworthy *Devotion*, and SECEDED, at a *mo-*
mentous crisis, from *Partizans* of restless and dangerous *prin-*
ciples---or, rather---you have CROWNED that SECESSION,
which other WORTHIES most nobly and laudably commenced.

This glorious act; both in YOU, Sir, and THEM, merits
to be sung by a *Muse* of far greater strength of Pinion, than the
present can boast.---This attempt, however, may serve to sti-
mulate legitimate Bards to do adequate justice to the important
subject.

Under this hope, and with the most profound respect, I am

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Most humble

And devoted Servant,

London, March 15, 1793.

The AUTHOR.

SECESSION.

A POEM.

ACCURS'D be that PHILOSOPHY*, whose mind
 Is ever restless to disturb Mankind!
 Teeming with Projects of a vicious Brain,
 In plan flagitious—in conception vain,
 To blast the happiness a People feel—
 To damn all blessings of a Public-weal!—

* The foundation of the present horrible system of *Reformation* and *Revolution*, has been denominated—"a recurrence to *first Principles*"—that is—travelling back, from a state of *associated* or *civilized* Society, to seek for the RIGHTS of MAN, in an *unfederated* or *savage* state of original *Nature*. And this *precious* system has been dignified, by the whole tribe of flagitious *writers* and *orators* in the cause of Anarchy, with the title of *modern Philosophy*—the most atrocious prostitution, that ever TRUE PHILOSOPHY was insulted with or suffered.

Curs'd that *Philosophy*, whose discontent
 Deems some few errors in a Government,
 (Errors inseparable from human Laws)
 To overthrow the whole sufficient cause—
 Makes partial evils a pretext to 'whelm
 All GOOD, PEACE, SAFETY of a prosp'rous Realm!

Curs'd that *Philosophy* of modern times,
 Which strives to mend the World by dint of crimes!
 That wou'd reform it by a second Flood,
 Not of the TEARS of HEAVEN, but of blood—
 Wou'd willing fraternize the human race,
 By wars of plunder, under guise of peace;—
 Preach *Revolution* to each happy state,
 And *Ruin*, as the means, to make it Great;—
 Dethrone all Monarchs for no other cause,
 Than being *Kings* and Guardians of the Laws!--
 Try,—sentence,—slay them, by tyrannic vote,
 'Gainst ev'ry statute JUSTICE ever wrote;
 Invert all *Orders*---all *Distinctions* level---
 Kick CLERGY---CHURCH---RELIGION---to the Devil---

Decree to *banish* Citizens of wealth,
 Or seize their Property by force or stealth—
Imprison Objects of it's *fear* or *hate*,
 Then *arm* a *Mob*—and all *assassinate*!—

But curs'd, 'bove all, be that *Philosophy*,
 With heart ambitious, and with lustful Eye,
 Which *Gain—Place—Power* has alone in view,
 And thro' the foulest Paths Success pursue—
 Which subt'ly aims to wound the public Peace,
 By *Pleas sophistic*---and with *crafty Case**---
 That strives by Fiction's grievances to plant
 In honest minds first seeds of discontent---
 T' inflame the passions of that weightier class
 Of Citizens, who form th' important mass

* Let not *Sagacity* presume to apply this line to Mr. E——'s late defence of the Doctrines of his Client TOM PAINE. Mr. E. is an honourable Advocate, and his abhorrence of attaining *Party-power*, thro' the medium of an *internal Dust*, is as unquestionable as his *Popularity*, when, on the above occasion, he rode in *Mob-State*, from Guildhall to his house in Serjeant's-Inn.

Of BRITAIN'S YEOMANRY---the strongest nerve
 To brace her arm and Liberty preserve:
 For THESE deluded, *Faction* knows she'd reign,
 And soon the utmost of her wishes gain—
 Knows she cou'd raise a storm throughout the Land,
 And wrench all Government to her command—
 Knows—in the whirlwind of Commotion's wreck,
 Nought less than GOD could her Ambition check.

Thus, curs'd *Philosophers*, you'd plant that TREE,
 Throughout the world, you dare call LIBERTY,
 To bear th' infernal fruit—EQUALITY !

EQUALITY !---yes---*hell-born* was the thought---
 A Doctrine by *Cit-BELZEBUB* first taught,
 When t' his *Party*, as *Britain's* HOMER sings,
 He preach'd Rebellion 'gainst the KING of KINGS.
 Hence sprung Sedition's cant of *Reformation*,
 Plots, Treasons, *Revolutions*, Innovation ;
 For scarce on high, had ROYALTY began,
 When *Lucifer* commenc'd *Republican*---

Plotting in secret 'gainst the ruling Power---
 His Laws to counteract---his Throne to lower,
 And bring Creation to one *level* state,
 Both things inanimate, and animate ;
 For thus t' his factious crew wou'd *Satan* preach
 On subjects abstract---far above his reach---

- ' That 'twas *tyrannical* in MONARCHY,
- ' At will t' ordain *Arch*-angels shou'd on high,
- ' Form o'er the rest an *Aristocracy*---
- ' *Unjust* to make the SUN *supremely* bright,
- ' And the poor Moon *dependent* on his Light---
- ' *Despotic* to let Mountains *lift* their heads
- ' O'er modest vallies, and the humble meads---
- ' But most unjust t' impow'r the sea at pleasure,
- ' To swell, foam, rage, and domineer 'bove measure,
- ' And *arbitr'ly* command, for greater pride,
- ' All Springs and Rivers to increase its tide.*

* It is presumed, that this Speech in the mouth of *Satan*, is not more iniquitous and absurd, than many of the arguments and much of the doctrine of our *modern Levellers*.

Thus brewing Mischief, with *Design* as clear,
 As W^{hi}-TB^{rea}-D brews a *Speech*, while *brewing Beer*,
 To utter once a Sessions, and take pains
 To shine an Orator of *dregs* and *grains*,
 Wou'd the world's first *mock-patriot*—Belzebub,
 As factious preach as P^{rie}-st^{le}-y in his tub—
 And 'gainst all Royalty as boldly prate,
 As *Paine*, or any other *Demccrate*—
 Reviling all the attributes divine—
 Prototype of a *Gallic Jacobine*—
 The true progenitor of *Sans Cullotes*
 Of *Brissot*—*Marat*—and *Anarch's Cloots*—
 Of *Rob'spiere*, and most damn'd *Egalite*,
 And all the Planters of the blood-fruit *Tree*,
 That's blasphemously christen'd—LIBERTY.* }

* It is hoped, that the Right Hon. Charles Fox will not be offended at the Freedom we take with the modern TREE of LIBERTY, since he manifested so great an attachment to the *term*, in his *celebrated* Speech, on the 4th of December last, at the *Whig-Club*; and when he so *emphatically* observed—
 “ that should the beautiful fruits of the “ *Tree of Liberty*” be again in danger, he trusted that agreeable to one of their *Toasts*, they would be all
 ready

Yet *Satan*, skill'd like *Moderns* in commotion,
 Used much address to keep, at his devotion,
 His *squad* compact—for *some* had great disgust
To go all lengths—and others shew'd distrust
 Of his Professions for the gen'ral Good :
 To *such* he acted in a diff'rent mood,
 And deem'd it politic, with double face,
 And mind envelop'd, t' affect some *Grace*,
 In words at least, of *Loyalty*, t' impose
 The more securely both on friends and foes,
 'Till *matters were full ripe* to storm the helm,
 And govern, with his *desprate squad*, the Realm ;—
 And thus, with guile-fraught heart, and specious tongue,
 Did *antient Satan* open his harangue.*

ready to die like *Hampden* in the field, or *Sydney* on the scaffold."—It is
 shrewdly suspected, however, as this beautiful *Tree of Liberty* has lately pro-
 duced the *bloody fruit* of the murder of *LOUIS XVI.* that our *great Patriot*
 and Orator will not recommend his friends, in his next *club-speech*, to die
 on a scaffold, like the late unfortunate Monarch of France.

* The curious Reader will naturally expect to be informed, by *what*
authority we insert the harangue in the next pages, as the speech of
antient

" To state my sentiments, illustrious Band,†
 " Clearly and boldly do the *Times* demand;
 " For mine's a *Post* of Honour well I know,
 " And thus my principles *sincerely* show.

" I love our reigning *Monarch*—love his *Son*—
 " And will in *Loyalty* be ne'er outdone:

antient Satan.—We reply—that in our last travels to Rome, we found, in the *Vatican Library*, a very curious manuscript Treatise, written in the 4th century of the Christian Era, by *G. Reinardi*—entitled—"TRACTATUS DE BELLO, IN CÆLIS, SATANICO"—and containing the exact substance of the speech under consideration.—From what authority *Reinardi* derived his information we pretend not to say—though as he quoted, in the course of his work, several *Jewish Rabbies*, it is not improbable but he met with the materials in the writings of some cotemporary of *Moses*.—We deem it necessary to add—that should *Satan's* harangue be conceived to bear a strong similitude to some recent speeches of a late popular Orator, we can account for it no otherwise than by observing, that *Great Geniuses*, in all ages, have frequently been found to *think, speak, and act* alike.

† Whether the *illustrious Band*, which *Satan* thus addressed, constituted the *Opposition* in Heaven's *Senate*, or formed a Club, like our present *Whig-Club*, *Constitutional Society*, or Citizen *Frost's* corps of English *Representatives*, we freely confess our inability to determine.

- “ I love, *too*, much our heav’nly Constitution,
 “ And, trust me, wish not for a Revolution;
 “ Yet, tho’ the Times are ticklish, I confess,
 “ To *Gen’ral Freedom* we may *toast* Success—
 “ *Toast* too we may—in *Rights Equality* :—
 “ That is—*equal* in *unequal* things—d’ye see
 “ A Doctrine clear as our great *Trinity*,
 “ But *toast*, ’bove all, shou’d we our *own* high sway,
 “ Which can our Monarch *change*, or *sweep away*,
 “ Oft as we *will* it by *Majority*,
 “ For then we constitute the *Sov’reignty*—
 “ *Then* have a Right at *pleasure to dethrone*,
 “ And give to whom we please the vacant crown.
 “ ’Tis true, indeed, *Majorities* are got
 “ A thousand ways—but this shou’d matter not—
 “ *Majority’s Majority*—and Kings
 “ Are made or unmade as the humour springs :—
 “ Nor must be pleaded any *former choice*,
 “ *However gen’ral*, ’gainst our *future voice*—
 “ Nor any Settlement, *however good*,
 “ No—not, tho’ seal’d by all our *Fathers blood*.

" Thus a *Majority*, from year to year,
 " Can give us a *new King* to rule our Sphere;
 " And that will give us all in turn a chance
 " *To reign*, as we our Int'rest can advance;
 " This glorious *Right* comes from EQUALITY---
 " The very Effence of DEMOCRACY---
 " A *Right* so clear, as evident to show
 " 'Case of Reform, what lengths that we can go.

" These are my Principles---but my *Intent*,
 " Some much *mistake*---and some *misrepresent* ;
 " For tho' the *Times* are *critical*, I own,
 " And all the World to *novel Doctrines* prone---
 " And tho' so much, in Justice, I have said,
 " Our bless'd EQUALITY in *Rights* to spread,
 " I *still* am LOYAL, and my *resolution*
 " Is to support our present Constitution---
 " Oppose all *restless Schemers* thro' the nation,
 " And give no countenance to *Innovation*---
 " Saving, my friends, that no MAJORITY
 " Happen to *think* or wish the CONTRARY ;

“ For then, you know, I shou’d unite MY voice
 “ With what appears to be the *Gen’ral Choice*.”*

Thus *Satan* lead, as artfully, his Clan,
 As *Fo-x*, not *Guy Faux*, but as *dark* a man,
 Leads his *thin’d pack*, whipp’d in by SH—R—N—
 A Clan, so *naked*, that ’twas apt enough,
 E’en then to ’ve stiled the Corps—not BLUE—but BUFF ;
 For tho’ the *Diaboliads* cou’d make Speeches,
 They, doubtless, had of old—not any *Breeches*.
 How soon our MODERN DIABOLIADS’ state
 May lit’rally be *in buff*, is known to Fate ;
 Tho’ thus much speak already their sad faces,
 From their *long fasting*, from a *want of Places*,
 Eyes funk, with haggard looks, and shrivell’d skin,
 While keen vexation knaws their hearts within,
 And dread *Secession* makes them *doubly thin*.§

* We flatter ourselves, that all favourers of the Doctrine of *Equality*, vulgarly stiled *Levellers*, will give us credit for shewing, in the above harangue, their *antient* friend *Satan* so perfect an archetype of *modern Casuistry*.

§ The *Taylor* of a once *popular Orator* reports—“ that he has lately reduced his waistcoats, &c. four inches in circumference.”—Whether

SECESSION!—noble act!—important theme!
 Worthy the loudest trump of honest Fame—
 Bright VIRTUE'S sacrifice at Justice' shrine,
 Of Principles concealing *base design*—
 HONOR'S aband'ment of Associates mean,
 Whose *aims* are *venal*—who *oppose* from *spleen*—
 Triumph of REASON o'er a System vile
 Of *specious Pretext*, and of *Patriot-Guile*—
 In fine—the Glory of the GOOD and GREAT,
 Who flew to rally round the Helm of State,
 When neighb'ring storms of *anarchy* prevail'd,
 And foes within (thought *friends*) the Bark assail'd—
Foes, who'd obstruct her in her prosp'rous way
 To crush Sedition, and her *lev'ling sway*.*

this alarming diminution of Ch^{arle}s's *fat* has been occasioned by his grief
 for the late King of France, or for the *Secession* of numerous former friends,
 is submitted to the Reader's judgment.

* The objections so vehemently urged by a no less reprobated than *notorious*
remnant of *Opposition* to his MAJESTY'S Proclamation, for suppressing the
 circulation of seditious Pamphlets and other inflammatory Publications:—The
obstructions given by the *same Party* to the very spirited and laudable exertions

Thrice blest'd SECESSION—that, like Chymistry,
 Shews Bodies without just *affinity*—
 And monstrous was the thought, now all confess,
 That BLUE and BUFF could ever coalesce !
 “ *True Blue*,” from virtue of its dye in grain,
 An antient Proverb says, “ *will never stain.*”
 And right the Proverb, for when *stains* approach it,
 Our Subject proves it *flies*, and scorns to *touch* it.
 Not so with *Buff*—this nat'rally receives
 All *spots* and *blots* which ought that's *dirty* gives—
 Takes ev'ry *stain*—and what is worse, it shows it,
 And shameless seems, tho' all the nation knows it.

Yet, tho' awhile the BLUE and *Buff* seem'd join'd
 In outward shew—*disjointed* was their *mind*—

of the *Crown* and *Anchor Association*, and numerous others, for discovering and bringing to Justice the authors and publishers of seditious writings, and for counteracting the influence and progress of factious doctrines, by a general distribution of cheap, temperate, and loyal productions—and lastly, the *opposition* by the *same Party* to a War with France, provoked by numerous and repeated Insults, and at length commenced by France herself—are fully in proof of the atrocious conduct here specified.

Differ'd, as Facts *emphatically* tell,
 In the great card'nal point—SOUND PRINCIPLE—
 That is—when *Principle* was strictly tried
 By the sure *touchstone*, which has never lied—
 Their COUNTRY'S GOOD—or rather—COUNTRY'S DANGER,
 That clearly points the Patriot-friend or Stranger---
 Shews when o'er Conduct VIRTUE firm presides,
 Or when *Venality* each action guides---
 Shews when the PUBLIC-INT'REST is in view,
 Or when a *scheming* and a *factionous Crew*,
 Envious of Men in Pow'r, the peaceful Realm
 Wou'd wide convulse---to seize themselves the HELM.

But Thanks to HIM, whom his IMMORTAL SIRE,
 Beheld with rapture, when he saw the fire
 Of vivid GENIUS sparkle from his mind,
 And felt, prophetic, 'twou'd illume mankind---
 Adorn bright Science, and his Country serve,
 And give to Eloquence her strongest Nerve---
 HIM—whom GREAT CHATHAM train'd with ardent care
 And anxious view that he'd succeed his Heir

Of ministerial Energy and Fame,
 And render PITT a still more honour'd NAME—
 HIM—who, scarce pass'd Youth's emulative Age,
 Appear'd in SENATE and DEBATE a Sage—
 Bright shone with CICERONIAN force and grace,
 'Bove Orators whom Fame rank'd high in place—
 Stem'd with DEMOSTHENEAN strength and ease,
 Th' invective Torrent of an *Æschines* :*
 HIM—whom the Nation's Voice call'd to command
 The Helm of State, and steer with steady hand
 BRITANNIA'S Bark—shatter'd from *civil-jar*—
 The *storms* of *Party*, and the *wrecks* of *War* :
 WHO took the HELM—and with a firm-built mind,
 And honest heart, embrac'd each prosp'rous wind—

* Left Mr. BURKE, from the interval to which this Line has an aspect, should be supposed by some of our Readers to be here alluded to, we shall not hesitate to say, that we mean Mr. Fox as the *British Æschines*.—Mr. PITT and Mr. BURKE we consider to possess *solid Argument*, which stands, in just estimation, on a ground infinitely more substantial than *Eloquence*, however brilliant, that attaches the Passions only, and, as such, insults the understanding.

Soon into Port the lab'ring Vessel brought—
 Moor'd her in Safety, and assiduous fought
 New Sources of Repair—of Strength—of Freight—
 T' infuse fresh Vigour, and restore lost Weight :
 And WHO—by 'ECONOMY, and WEALTH'S INCREASE,
 A TRADE EXTENDED, and a LENGTHEN'D PEACE—
 BURTHENS DIMINISH'D—yet REVENUE GREAT—
 And STRONG ALLIANCE for the Weal of State,
 Has nerv'd BRITANNIA with tremendous Might,
 Her Realm to safeguard, and in War to fight—
 To make her Flag respected o'er the Deep,
 And thro' the World her FAME and GLORY keep.

Yes, PITT—to You the Thanks—that in the shell
 Crush'd *Faction's* Plots—the Progeny of Hell—
 Who met, like midnight hags, at Clubs to form
 A blast for ENGLAND—dire as FRANCE'S Storm—
 Who meant to 've spread, with an all-wrecking hand,
 Horror and Desolation thro' the Land—
Reform have planted, for the *Public-weal*,
 With Poignards *temper'd* with *true Gallic steel*—

Have prov'd the origin of *Rights of Man*,
 Was *liberty* to *plunder* all he can—
 And then crown'd *Freedom*, for the *gen'ral Good*,
 By deluging the Nation with its Blood.

Not Fiction's tale does the 'raged *Muse* impose,
 To lash to BRITAIN's peace her factious foes ;
Sedition had stalk'd forth, and wide begun
 T' instil the poison of her venom'd tongue—
 To scatter *Doctrines* from the baneful Brain
 Of demon P-----LY, and of villain P-----NE—
 Doctrines that went to 've plunged their Country's bliss
 In the dread Gulph of *Anarchy's* abyss—
 All Kingly-government in Ruin hurl'd,
 However prosp'rous, throughout the World.

That such the aims of the *sedition Crew*,
 Their *Club-exploits* gave full to public view ;*

* From the *recency* and *notoriety* of the facts here referred to, most of them having appeared in numerous advertisements in the public prints, it would be

Where many an act—and many a *Resolution*,
 Tredding on Treason 'gainst the Constitution,
 Breath'd *kind affection* for a *Revolution* :---
 Where *Gifts* were voted, and dispatch'd away,
 T' enable *France* t' extend her *cut-throat sway*---
Life---*fortune* pledg'd, and *Embassy* appointed,
 T' address, at PARIS, *Belzebub's anointed*---
 Stil'd NATIONAL CONVENTION---stain'd so deep
 With *blood*---that *Devils* at their *acts* might weep.

But Thanks once more to HIM, who firm pursued
 Decisive measures 'gainst Sedition's brood---
 Fully resolv'd to Justice' Bar to bring
 All Traitors to their Country and their King;
 And lo! when Danger threaten'd the vile Band,
 And Punishment appear'd with Scorpion-hand,

an insult to the Reader's recollection to state the *Resolutions* of a *Club* in *London*, at *Manchester*, *Sheffield*, &c. (all of which dared to use the term *Constitutional*) which manifested approbation of *Jacobine Principles*, and zeal to support and extend them throughout the universe.

How did the *carnate Fiends*, with coward fear,
 Shrink from their meetings, and to holes repair!—
 How shrink, appall'd, from their deep plotted crime
 Of sowing Anarchy in Britain's clime!
 Shrink, with a Villain's terror, when the sound
 Of LOYAL ENGLAND thunder'd all around!—
 Where KING and PEOPLE, ev'ry action prove,
 "Have but ONE CONTEST—and that Contest—LOVE!"

While thus our HELM'S-MAN—spirited and wise,
 Took *Faction*, 'midst her *plottings*, by surprise—
 Drove her to lurking holes, and rous'd each friend
 Of ORDER to come forward and defend.
 The threaten'd Constitution—*what* was the ZEAL—
 And *what* the *Actions*, for their Country's weal,
 Of *Party-Chiefs*—arrogating the stile
 Of "*Freedom's Friends and Guardians*" of their Isle!

Strangers to the genuine flame confest,
 Which nobly warms the real PATRIOT's Breast,

Whose sole AMBITION is to gain a Name
 By adding Lustre to his Country's Fame;
 And his sole *selfish view*—that Bliss of Mind
 'Joy'd from the GOOD his *Acts* have done mankind:—
 —*Strangers* to conduct, which, from Principle,
Opposes Measures, for the gen'ral weal,
 Of baneful hue—but not opposes *Men*,
 From Disappointment, Rancour, or from Spleen:—
 —*Strangers* to Honor's Aim, th' *opponent Chiefs*,
 (So skill'd in shielding *Faction* with their *If's**)
 Convinc'd by *System*, and from *long Exper'ence*,
 That *Peace-internal* is a Peace at variance
 With the *kind wishes* of their *squad* to grace
 The *Cabinet*, and crowd their friends *in place*,
 View'd, with a secret joy, the direful Storm
 Of GALLIA's shore, and spring of hope 'twou'd form

* When a *Great Orator* was push'd, during the present Sessions, to speak
 less *in parables*, he so modified a *combustible* speech with a train of *If's*, as
 shewed him to be as perfect an adept in the Casuistry of *Evasion*, as that his
 late *opposition-conduct* has rendered him one of the most unpopular Characters
 in the British dominions.

Some blast propitious for their desp'rate Band,
Bankrupt in cause, t' attain the Helm's command.

Thus do Land-Pirates of congenial Mind,
Hail the dread Horrors of a wrecking wind,
In hopes some Vessel on their Coast 'twill drive,
For Plunder rich, that their curst Gang may thrive.

That such the secret *wish*—the *aim*—the *hope*
Of *Faction's Chiefs*, their Actions give a scope
Of damning FACTS—facts, which the *Muse* wou'd sing,
Had she due strength t' inflict a venom'd sting,
To make those Vipers smart, whose pois'nous tongue
With *Ills fictitious* is for ever hung—
To coin new discontents whose constant task,
And scatter them beneath a *patriot Mask*—
Whose Zeal remits not, with Satanic-face,
'Neath Virtue's guise, t' assail their Country's Peace,
To light up Discord, and Commotion stir,
And all to oust a GUARDIAN MINISTER.

Where was that *Leader's* Virtue or his Sense—
He—who has forfeited all just pretence
 To Patriot-worth, and Public confidence !
 Whose *Popularity* now lies in dust,
 Shatter'd in Fame, and naked as his *Bust*—
 The *Bust* itself despis'd by mighty K_AT_E—
 Stamp'd with her Ignominy of ire and hate ;
 No longer fit her Gall'ry to adorn,
 'Midst Lumber tumbled, and the theme of scorn—
 A *Bust* my Verse, prophetic, shall declare
 Will soon, at *home*, such public Odium bear,
 That Print-shops shall e'en deem it a disgrace,
 To show a single feature of its face,
 Shall throw it by neglected on a shelf,
 Hid by, perchance, one viler than itself:—
 —Where was this *Leader's* Virtue, when he found
 Rank *lev'ling* Doctrines thriving all around,
 To stamp GAUL's Revolution with his Praise
 Of " GREAT and GLORIOUS ! " --- fame that serv'd to raise
 Seditious Enterprize amidst a Band
 Of *would-be Traitors* to their native Land,

But from the Treason shrunk the caitiff crew,
 When Justice placed a *Gibbet* in their view :—
 —“ GLORIOUS and GREAT,” indeed, a *Revolution*,
 That left no feature of a Constitution !
Glorious—t’ assail a peaceful MONARCH’S Throne—
Glorious—NOBILITY to tumble down---
Glorious---the CLERGY’S Rights to overthrow,
 Laugh at Religion, and no GOD to know !---
Glorious---to make the “ *Tree of Liberty*”
 Produce those “ *beauteous fruits*” of Anarchy---
 Tyrannic *Banishment* and *Confiscation* !
Plunder---*Imprisonment*---*Assassination* !
 But *glorious* most of all, and nobly *great*,
 To lay the new foundation of a State
 On Scaffold rais’d amidst a Sea of Blood---
 Crown’d with a murder’d KING t’ enrich the flood !

From *Him*---who holds *that* Revolution “ *glorious*,”
 That’s fraught with acts of Infamy notorious---
 Which wou’d convulse the Peace of all Mankind,
 And leave no wreck of MONARCHY behind ;

Noble, ye WORTHIES, was your Resolution
 Firm to SECEDE---to shield the CONSTITUTION---
 To fence its Barrier 'gainst the "*desprate Few*,"*
 Whose *cloven-foot* the TIMES have bared to view!

---And where this *Patriot's* Virtue, when abuse
 On POTENTATES *combin'd* he pour'd profuse!---
 Combin'd from Justice and the world's applause,
 And Heav'n-born mercy to abet the Cause
 Of ROYAL VICTIMS, whom a *lev'lling* Race
 Had robb'd of CROWN—of LIBERTY and PEACE ;—

* When Mr. PITT, at a former critical moment of his Administration, happened to be left, through *Party-manœuvre*, and not from the loss of Public Confidence, in a *very small minority*, the present *remnant* of *Opposition* then presumed loudly to exclaim—"That if he had any shame, he would quit the helm."—The Minister's *perseverance*, however, *in place*, as the result soon demonstrated, was a laudable and virtuous firmness, and which speedily triumphed over the bilious ebullition of Party-arrogance, by leaving his *opponents* in a *minority* truly *decisive*.—On their own ground of reasoning, we would now ask the "*desperate few*" who form the present *Opposition*, what sort of *modesty* they possess, in persevering in a career of conduct, not only against the almost unanimous sense of Parliament, but amidst a general execration of their *Principles* throughout the kingdom?

And still, remorseless, o'er their Lives a Gang
Of savage Rulers held their blood-stain'd fang!—

—Abus'd them—'cause they *leagu'd* to stem a Tide
Of wrecking Anarchy, extending wide—
Which a curst *Senate* of usurping Fiends
Proclaim'd, in daring style of *Freedom's friends*,
They'd 'stablish to the Earth's extremest ends.

—From *Him*—who thus wou'd load with Calumny
The CAUSE of JUSTICE and HUMANITY—
Pronounce those *Despots*, who'd oppose a Crew
Of *Tyrants* the most fierce the World e'er knew,
Noble, ye WORTHIES, was your Resolution
Firm to SECEDE—to shield the CONSTITUTION—
To fence its Barrier 'gainst the “*desp'rate Few*,”
Whose *cloven-foot* the TIMES have bared to view!

—And where *his* Virtue, when at home all saw
Sedition spreading, in contempt of Law,

Doctrines full levell'd at his SOVEREIGN'S Crown,
 And aim'd to pull the CONSTITUTION down—
 Where then his *Virtue*, in a bold Oration
 T' arraign 'gainst *Faction's* growth a PROCLAMATION
 From the lov'd FATHER of ^aPEOPLE brave,
 To crush *young* Treason, and the Kingdom save!

—From *him* who'd thus condemn his KING's Proclaim
 T' arrest *Sedition*, and obstruct her aim—
 T' oppose the progress of vile *Faction's* Pen,
 And search out *Treason* in her lurking Den,
 Noble ye WORTHIES, was your Resolution
 Firm to SECEDE—to shield the CONSTITUTION—
 To fence its Barrier 'gainst the “*desp'rate Few*,”
 Whose *cloven-foot* the TIMES have bared to view!

—And where, in fine, his *Virtue* to oppose
 Expulsion from the Realm of *Alien-foes*—
 Cherishing, in secret, the *poison* sown
 To blast our bleſs completely as their own—

Hiding *Assassins'-daggers* for the hour,
 When MEN DISTINGUISH'D fell within their Pow'r!

Where his fam'd *Patriotism*—his *Sense*—or *Grace*
 T' oppose a *War*—nay, preach up *social Peace*
 With worst of monsters of the human race!—
 A WAR provok'd—not from a common cause,
 But inroads 'gainst all venerated Laws—
 Divine and human, which were made to bind,
 In social blifs and amity, mankind :—
 A WAR of *Contest*—whether to the World
France shall give sway, or ev'ry kingdom hurl'd
 In Ruin's Vortex, which shall dare resist
 Such Doctrines of *Man's-Rights* as she deems *just* :—
 Or *whether* Nations to retain be free
 Their *own opinions* of *true Liberty*—
 Of *Right* and *Wrong*—and undisturb'd possess
 Their LAWS—RELIGION—PEACE and HAPPINESS:

—From *Him*—who'd thus his Country's gen'rous Breast
 Expand for *Marat's* Ruffians to infest—

From *Him*---who thus oppos'd a War 'gainst foes,
 Whose glory is to stab the World's repose,
 Noble, ye WORTHIES, was your Resolution
 Firm to SECEDE---to shield the CONSTITUTION---
 To fence its Barrier 'gainst the "*desp'rate Few*,"
 Whose *cloven-foot* the TIMES have bared to view!

Yet need not *Satire* strive to give a pang
 Where *Anguish* has already fix'd her fang:
 The *keenest Satire* his *own Feelings* yield,
 ('Gainst which no balm of Hope or Dream can shield)
 Since FRIENDS---Friends of the most Esteem and Sense,
 Have *fled* him, as his Country's Pestilence:
 Since too the PEOPLE see through his disguise,
 Scorn his Professions, and his Aid despise.
 Thus stript of *mask*---not e'en *proverbial* art
 Can longer hide the *bias* of his Heart
 To that most *philosophic* Constitution,
 Sprung from his boasted---"*glorious Revolution*!"

Enough

Enough of OPPOSITION'S-CHIEF—the *Few*
 Who still *attach*—a daring—*motley-Crew*
 Of *wou'd be* Pirates of the *Loaves* and *Fishes*,
 Had they but *strength* to *execute their wishes*—
 To *these* the *Muse* shall small Attention pay,
 Since, like passive Puppets, they're made to play,
 To *speak, rant, foam*, with most *amusing* Ire,
 Just as their *Leader* moves them with his Wire.

What !—flight thus S——, whose *Virtue*—Sense,
 “ Merit Angels tut'ledge, and Mens rev'rence!”*
Him—who beneath a Tomb magnificent,
 “ Rais'd by the Realm's unanimous Consent,”
 In great *Kilkhampton's Abbey* is to lie,
 Shrouded with *Cab'net-Fame*—“ *Anno Dom'ni*”
 “ I 8—hundred”——until the Lord knows when,
 For dire to see, O all ye *Buff-robed Men*!
 His Prophet *blanks* (ominous!) half the *Date*,
 When he's to *die* Prime—“ SECRET'RY of STATE!”

* See the Publication—entituled *Kilkhampton Abbey*.

Alas, the TIMES ! that he shou'd *live* to see
 His Prospect 'clips'd of all its Dignity !
 To see, alas, his own and *Party's* fall—
 An end to *State-ship—Monument—and all !*
 Alas, his Creditors !—that *their* long hopes
 Can now be only *paid* with—*Rhet'ric's tropes !*
 Alas, poor *L—cy's* Heirs ! who woeful know
 He's 'a *Patent* got—*ten thousand pounds to owe !*
 Alas, Himself !—that he shou'd give a handle,
 The shafts to merit of a whole *School for Scandal !*

Erskine. —What, E^{go}—flight !—tho' of such high Esteem,
 To 've always, *at Command*, a num'rous team
 Of *Sans Cullotes*, his Carriage to sustain,
 And drag him home, when he supports *Tom Paine !*
 E—— ! who can the brilliant Honor boast
 To be of *Jacobines* the *fav'rite Toast !*
 E—— ! who gain'd such eminent applause,
 By strenuous pleading that *great Patriot's* Cause,
Who— strenuous strove t' o'eturn all England's Laws !

E——! whose zeal for LIBERTY of PRESS,
 Is just and *social*, Mankind must confess,
 Since *Paine*, in many a *fraternizing* Book,
 With the said *Press* the greatest FREEDOM took.
 What flight, in short, a *Gen'ral* on the—*shelf*,
 So great as to 've *out-General'd* e'en himself!
 Yet fondly dreams, like *Falstaff* in the Play,
 He'll *Chanc'llor* be, when "HAL shall have the *sway*"—
 A dream, alas! of ridicule and scoff,
 As the "TRUE PRINCE" 's already *shook him off*!

M.A.

What, light hold *Taylor*!—tho' of *Bantam* breed,
Great as ALEXANDER in warlike deed—
 And bolder far—for tho' the *Grecian* dar'd,
 To fight with Men, nor Elephants e'en fear'd,
 He'd scarce have ventur'd in his direful rage,
 For Conquest, a whole Nation's BARRACKS to engage.

—That *Bantam* such a rash attack shou'd make,
 Was, none can say, a *natural* mistake,

Since all must think a *true-born* ARCHITECT
Ought only to exclaim—“*plan, plan—erect, erect!*”

M. A. J.

—To prove a “*Chicken*” still, let *Bantam* prate
Of ‘ffairs of consequence in grave debate:—
To prove a “*Game-cock*,” let him take good care
To mind his *urgent case* to get an *Heir**—
Then he may strut, with pride, by his *tall “ben”*—
“Flutter his wings, and crow, and —— again.”

—What, deem not C^{ourtn}—y worthy Satire’s touch,
Who shines as *Opposition’s Scaramouch*!
Who erst, ’mong *Spouters* was their first *Buffoon*,
And since in *Senate* play’d the self-same Tune,
’Till worn to tatters—now grown rank and stale,
And *thread-bare* as his *state-original*!
Whom Viceroy T^{ownshen}—d put upon his staff
Of *Carac’tures*—to make his Comp’ny laugh—

* Fame positively asserts, that *Bantam*, to be entitled to the disposal of his handsome Wife’s large fortune, is under the absolute *injunction*, by settlement, of having a Child “*lawfully* begotten on the body of the said, &c.”

Drink—roar a Catch—crack Jokes—make Jests obscene,
Humbug plain Citizens—address'd to dine,
 And for a *Butt* select some grave Divine!—
 Then brought him over from St. *Patrick's* haven,
 To prostitute the Chapel of St. *Stephen*,
 With Wit's cast *Ribaldry* for ELOQUENCE,
 And vulgar *Irony* for ARGUMENT and SENSE!

—What, slight e'en ——y, whose boasted fortune—mind
 Of *Independence* prove not but he's *blind*—
 Shew not but he's eager for *Faction's* bent
 As hounds to dart upon a *Fox's* scent—
 As *supple* to his *Party's* venal weal,
 As spaniels truckle at their Master's heel—
 And easy manag'd in his *Leader's* noose,
 As a ring'd *Bear* is led on by the nose!

—What, pass o'er W—C^{om}—B, L^{am}—BT^o—N, W^{hit bre}—T—D too,
 And other *Noughts** of Number *twenty-two*!§

* This *term* is used here, not in a *numeral* sense, but merely to express *personal insignificance*.

§ The number, to which *Opposition*, from a universal execration of their present *Conduct* and *Principles*, were lately reduced in the H—— of C——.

And pass in t'other —se, the *three Protesters*,
 Fond of dark mischief as the “*wayward Sisters!*”
 E'en pass by L^{anderdale}—, who went t' acquire,
 At Paris, BRISSOT's *philosophic* fire—
 (*Brissot*—“most worthy friend”—of lev'ling fame)
 To set all mankind in a factious flame!—

—Yes—with scorn pass them, to make way for THOSE,
 Who, nobly glor'ing in their Country's cause,
 Quitted a *Party*—hostile to each Plan
 Of MINISTRY to crush *Sedition's* Clan—
 Hostile to ev'ry urgent Resolution,
 To shield the THRONE, and nerve the CONSTITUTION.

And BURKE!--the meed of virtuous Praise to You,
 Who *first* SECEDED, is supremely due.
 With MIND; not floating (like the gen'ral throng,
 Who Judgment hasty form of *Right* and *Wrong*)
 O'er the bare surface of each matter brought
 In disquisition for investive Thought;---

But with a penetrating Eye and Sense,
 Exploring deep each Line and Consequence—
 Diving into the inmost Cell of Soul
 Of human Conduct—marking the Controul
 The clashing Passions have upon the Heart,
 Impuls'd by VIRTUE, or when led by *Art* :—
 And viewing clear, from Metaphysic-force,
 Each *Spring* of *Action*, and of *Aim* each *source*—
 And with a piercing Sight beholding wide
 The dire Effects of *Anarchy*'s first tide—
 You SAW—FORETOLD—the Progress from its Birth,
 Of *Faction*'s-Hydra, which now wrecks the Earth—
 Stamp'd (too prophetic!) with TRUTH's sacred Seal,
 That *Ruin* which now threatens the GEN'RAL WEAL—
 Saw—what a *secret Joy* (indignant Theme!)
 GAUL's Troubles gave that Man of *forfeit-fame*,
 You rashly deem'd your own and Country's *Friend*;
 But happ'ly saw, in time, his *aim*—his *end*—
 Resolv'd to *fly* him, and his *Party* leave,
 To keep your CREDIT, and your HONOR save :—

—That envied Honor, BURKE, to Life's last Breath,
 You'll sacred hold—and “grasp it e'en in Death!”—
 Your honest Sentiments undaunted urge,
 And prove to *Faction* her severest scourge :—
 Still will despise the poultry taunts that fall
 From foes, *abandon'd*, t' assuage their gall—
 And 'thron'd in conscious rectitude of Mind,
 Pursue your COUNTRY'S GOOD, and welfare of Mankind.

'Tis not the vain parade—the boast of Tongue
 Of INDEPENDENT MIND, by *Others* sung,
 From *Wealth extensive*, that evince the fact :—
 'Tis when the open Count'nance of Man's Act,
 Scorning all *private* and *delusive* art,
 Shews INDEPENDENCE seated in the HEART.
 -----Such, WINDHAM, is your VIRTUE :---tho' most kind
 The Smiles of FORTUNE---richer far your MIND :---
 'Tis YOU exalted INDEPENDENCE' Bliss,
 Not in *mere Speech*, but in your SOUL posses---
 Forming a PRINCIPLE, that wise contemns
 All *Party-Bigotry*---and loud condemns

Each Measure that appears with venal face,
 Be it's Proposer *in* or *out* of *Place*—
 And gives each beneficial act support,
 Comes it from *Opposition* or the *Court* :—
 A PRINCIPLE—whose constant—zealous Aim,
 Is your COUNTRY'S GOOD—SAFETY, and its FAME.

By this unerring and bright *Handmaid* led—
 Offspring of Honour, and by Virtue bred—
 You notic'd with discriminating eye,
 The *Foes* and *Friends* of modern *Anarchy*—
 With Indignation saw *those Men* persist,
 You *Patriots* deem'd, each Measure to resist
 Of GOVERNMENT—lab'ring a shield to form
 'Gainst the ravage of the surrounding Storm—
 Saw—and SECEDED from a *Party*, where
 No longer PUBLIC VIRTUE held the *Chair*.

WINDHAM! this ACT that's won you the rich Praise
 Of the WISE and GOOD—expect to see 't raise

The petty farcaſm of the *deſp'rate Band*,
 You've left to execration thro' the Land :
 Yet will the *hectic Corps* with caution throw
 Their arrow's 'gainſt the *Friend* they've made a *Foe*,
 Knowing your Pow'RS to make the ſhafts rebound,
 And their own Boſoms give a laſting wound.

From the dread *Criſis* of th' impending *Time*,
 From foul *Ambition* ſtain'd with ev'ry Crime,
 From *Anarchy's* approach—from *Havock's* din—
 From foes *without*, and from worſe foes *within*—
 Perſuaded, PORTLAND, all that you poſſeſs—
 Your HONOURS—CASTLES—LANDS, and ev'ry BLISS
 Endanger'd ſtood, you wiſely took th' alarm,
 And gave to GOVERNMENT your ſtrength of arm—
 Quitted the Men, with whom you'd ſided long,
 When your own *Riſk* confirm'd they acted wrong.

But, PORTLAND, while the *Muſe* thus willing pays
 Your *Prudence* the glad Tribute of her Lays,

She'd wish to rise still higher on the wing,
 And, for your FAME, your FULL SECESSION sing.
 —And did you view the *desprate Party* well,
 How much of *Self*—how little PUBLIC WEAL
 Rules their ambitious Aim—and with what zeal,
 They strove, at this dread Era, to oppose
 All Energy of Plan 'gainst BRITAIN'S foes,
 With HONOR'S greater boast, and proud applause,
 You'd then *entire* quit that *Party's* cause.

Not duped by *Oratory*, which, *of late*,
 Cou'd see no *Danger* to the Realm or State,
 Tho' Anarchy assail'd—and the dire sound
 Of factious *Revolution* swell'd around:—
 Nor made to credit all was *safe* within,
 When *rank Sedition* teem'd with base design,
 And *Wolves* and *Foxes* wore the WATCH-DOG'S Skin:—
 Not thus deceiv'd—but seeing clear th' *Intent*,
 Which *Party*, now, by *Opposition* meant,

CARLISLE—you nobly from a *Band* withdrew,
Where PUBLIC GOOD seem'd banish'd from their view:—

STORMONT*—your HONOR led you to *secede*

Where *Honor* seem'd no longer to reside:—

LOUGHB'ROUGH—you firmly soar'd on Virtue's wing

Quitted *mock-friends*—to serve a PATRIOT-KING.

To crown this ACT of genuine PATRIOT flame—

Triumph of LOYALTY, and Pride of FAME—

An ACT that's given new vigor to the State,

And 'trench'd the Realm 'gainst *Anarchy* compleat—

WALES, 'twas your Glory!—and a Beam that ope

The brightest Prospect to the Kingdom's hopes;

Dispersing the dark clouds, which gloom'd awhile

The anxious Bosom of fair ALBION'S Isle,

Left her lov'd HEIR, to *scheming Party* known,

Shou'd dim the *lustre* of his FATHER's throne,

When Time (O be it late!) presents the Crown:—

Commit to *weak* and *venal friends* the Helm,

And Bankrupt, thro' *their means*, the credit of the Realm.

* NOW EARL MANSFIELD.

But banish'd are our fears—your rich-born mind,
 WAKING t' its CONSEQUENCE, scorn'd t' be confin'd
 By ignoble Bands—blushing at the thought,
 That WALES, in *Party-shackles*, was a man of *Nought* :—
 ---Banish'd our Fears---for shock'd t' observe, when Fate
 Seem'd trembling at the *Crisis* of the State,
 Government oppos'd in each Plan to shield
 The Kingdom's SAFETY, and its STRENGTH to wield,
 You paus'd—and weighing in Reflection's scale,
 A *selfish-Party* 'gainst the GEN'RAL WEAL,
 WISDOM—VIRTUE—who too long dormant lay,
 Beam'd instant from your Breast with steady ray :—
 CONVICTION flash'd—SECESSION rose to view—
 T' embrace the Heav'n-born MAID you eager flew—
 Crown'd her with VICT'RY o'er a *desp'rate Band*—
 Crown'd her with TRIUMPH thro' your native Land—
 Crown'd her with endless consequence of *Name*,
 And crown'd YOURSELF with EVERLASTING FAME.

But banish'd not the years—your self—your self—
Waking to its own power, from the deep
By noble Bands—blending as the thought
That Water, in the River, was a man of
—Banish'd out from—your self—your self—
Seem'd trembling—your self—your self—
Government oppos'd in each man to shield
The Kingdom's safety, and its strength to wield
You pass'd—and weighing in Reflection
A selfish Party, gainst the General Will
Wisdom—Virtue—who too long dominant lay
Heard instant from your Breast with ready say—
Conviction flash'd—SECESSION rose to view—
To embrace the Heav'n-born Maid you eager flew—
Crown'd her with Victory o'er a weak, a base Band—
Crown'd her with Triumph o'er your native Land—
Crown'd her with endless copiousness of Arms
And crown'd YOURSELF with everlasting Fame.



